

Hot. My Liege, I did deny no prisoners,
 But I remember when the fight was done,
 When I was drie with rage and extreme toyle,
 Breake hies and faint, leaning vpon my sword,
 Came there a certaine Lord; neat and trimly drest,
 Fresh as a Bridegroom; and his chin new reapt,
 Shewd like a stubble land at haruest home:
 He was perfum'd like a Milliner,
 And twixt his finger and his thumbe hee held
 A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
 He gaue his nose, and tooke away againe,
 Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
 Tooke it in snuffe, and still he smile and talkt,
 And as the souldiers bore dead bodies by,
 He cald them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
 To bring a sloenly vnhand-some coarfe,
 Betwixt the winde and his Nobility,
 With many holy day and Lady tearmes.
 He questioned me: among the rest demanded
 My prisoners in your Maiesties behalfe.
 I then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
 To be so pestered with a Popinjay,
 Out of my griefe and my impatience,
 Answered neglectingly, I know not what,
 He should, or hee should not, for he made me mad
 To see him shine so briske, and smell so sweete,
 And talke so like a waiting-Gentle woman,
 Of Guns & Drums, and wounds, God saue the markes;
 And telling me the soueraign'st thing on earth,
 Was Parmaciry for an inward bruise;
 And that it was great pittie, so it was,
 This villanous Saltpeter should be dig'd
 Out of the bowels of the harmlesse Earth;
 Which many a good tall fellow had destroy'd
 So cowardly: and but for these vile Guns,
 He would haue beene himselfe a Souldier.
 This bald vnioynted char of his (my Lord)
 I answered indirectly (as I sayd.)

And

And I beseech you, let not this report
 Come currant for an accusation
 Betwixt my loue, and your high Maiesty.
Blunt. The circumstance considered, good my Lord,
 What er'e *Harry Piercy* then had sayd
 To such a person, and in such a place:
 At such a time, with all the rest retold,
 May reasonably die, and neuer rise,
 To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
 What then he sayd, so he vn say it now.

King. Why, yet hee doth deny his prisoners,
 But with prouiso and exception,
 That we at our owne charge shall ransome straight
 His brother in law, the foolish *Mortimer*,
 Who in my soule hath wilfully betraide
 The liues of those, that he did leade to fight,
 Against the great Magician, damned *Glendower*,
 Whose daughter as we heare, the Earle of *March*,
 Hath lately married: shall our coffers then
 Be emptied to redeeme a traytor home?
 Shall we buy treason? and indent with feares,
 When they haue lost and forfeited themselues,
 No, on the barren Mountaine let him starue,
 For I shall neuer hold that man my friend,
 Whose tongue shall aske me for one penny cost,
 To ransome home reuolted *Mortimer*.

Hot. Reuolted *Mortimer*?
 He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
 But by the chance of warre: to proue that true,
 Needes no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
 Those mouthed wounds which valiantly he tooke,
 When on the gentle *Seuerne*s siedgy banke
 In single opposition hand to hand,
 He did confound the best part of an houre,
 In changing hardiment with great *Glendower*,
 Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drinke,
 Vpon agreement of swift *Seuerne*s flood,
 Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,

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